heauen God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, sadle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Duc. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle?* son?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Duch Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
Enter Seruant with boots *His man enters with his bootes.*
Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pitifull:
But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband
He is as like thee as a man may
Not like me or any of my kin
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly w
Du After Aumerle: mou
Spur, post, and get before h
And beg thy pardon ere he
Ile not be long behind, thou
I doubt not but to ride as fas
And neuer will I rise vp from
Till Bullingbrooke haue par
Enter the King wi
King H. Can no man tell
Tis full three months since I
If any plague hang ouer vs,
I would to god my Lords, h
Inquire at London, mongst
For there they say, he dayly
With vnrestrained loose co
Euen such (they say) as sta
robbe And beate our watch, and r
Which he yong wanton an
Takes on the point of hon
H. Per. My Lord, some
And told him of those tri u
King. And what said t
Percie. His answere was
And from the commonest
And weare it as a fauour, a
He would vnhorse the lust
King H. As dissolute as
I see some sparkles of bett
May hapily bring forth.
Enter A
Aum. Where is the K
King H. What meanes
* Enter Bullingbro